

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
November 1933 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



1607
*Lamentable newes out of Monmouth-
 shire in Wales.*

CONTAYNING,
 The wonderfull and most fearefull accidents of
 the great ouerflowing of waters in the faide Countye,
*drowning infinite numbers of Castell of all kinds, as Sheepe,
 Oxen, Kine and horses, with others: together
 with the losse of many men, women and
 Children, and the subuersion of xxvi
 Parishes in Iannary last*
 1607.



LONDON
 Printed for W.W. and are to be solde in Pauls Church
 yarde at the signe of the Grey hound.

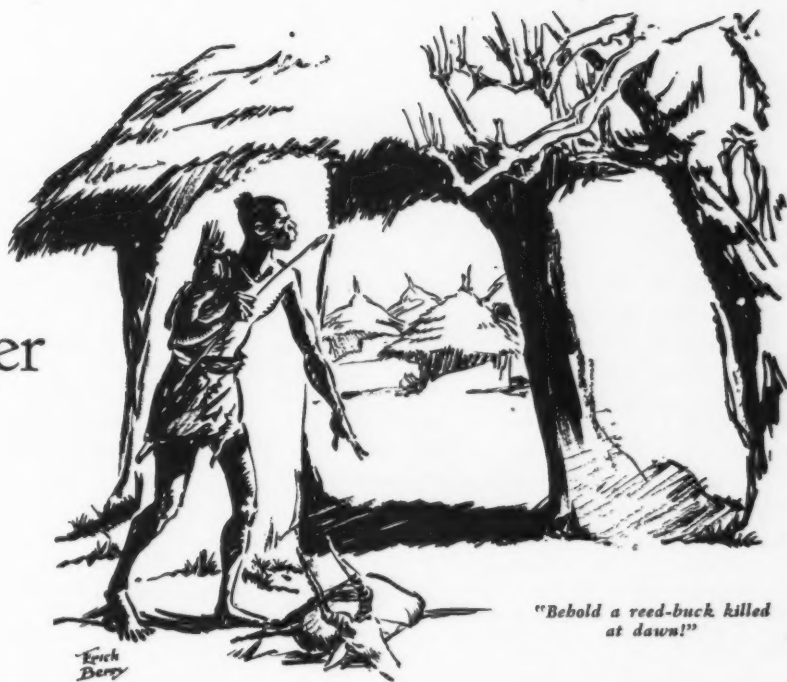
AN OLD BROADSIDE

Before newspapers began, ballads, political articles and sometimes items of news were printed as "broadside"—large sheets of paper printed on one side only—and sold for a small sum. This typical example shows that floods are not a modern problem only

Lone Hunter

HERBERT BEST

Illustrations by Erick Berry



"Behold a reed-buck killed at dawn!"

PART I

"**M**EAT, O People, meat! Behold a reed-buck killed at dawn; and a kob, already skinned, awaits you up river. Meat!"

Tal called, and dropped his heavy skin of meat to the ground, scraped blood off his hard brown chest and thin thighs with his knife, and stood waiting at the entrance to the African village.

Always before there had been a rush of children eager to stroke the smooth skin of his kill and ask innumerable questions, and close behind them a hurrying group of women each seeking to barter crisp-fried cakes of yam, gourds of sweet-tasting sap from the raffia palm, foodstuffs of one kind or another or even hand-woven cloth for their choice of the meat. Now tense silence reigned over the village, broken only by the whirr of insects in the morning heat.

There was no smoke eddying from the conical thatches of the circular mud-walled huts, no sound of women pounding roots or corn in their heavy wooden mortars behind the matting-screened compounds. The men would be hoeing on their farms at this time of the day; but where were the women and children?

The boy stropped the wavy, hammered blade of his long hunting knife on his bare dusty sole. He turned its keen point to explore a spot on his calloused palm where a thorn might lurk. But there was no thorn beneath the skin, and he

knew it. He was finding an excuse—any excuse—to avoid entering that hushed village.

"*Salaam alaikum!* Peace be upon you!" He called the Arabic salutation to break the deadly silence and reinforce his courage, slid the knife back into its sheath at his right thigh, and, still keeping his hand on its haft, strode forward between the two entrance huts.

A broken calabash bowl lay upon the ground. Lizards basked undisturbed on the rough surface of the sun-baked walls. A bundle of corn lay in the narrow path, as though dropped by someone in headlong flight. Tal turned the corner, and blue-bottles rose with a roar like a swarm of angry bees.

He stepped back, so hastily that he stumbled, and his bow and the quiver of arrows over his left shoulder clashed against a wall. Snatching a head of corn from the abandoned bundle at his feet, he scattered the grains before him as offering to the dead. Later he would make a sacrifice to the spirit of the man whose corpse he had nearly stepped upon, and carry his skull to a proper resting place.

Out again, and around the outskirts of the village he went calling. There was no response, no call for help, only an odor of corruption floating down wind which told its own tragic tale. No human enemy would have been content to kill thus, and neither rob nor burn. This foe was intangible, invisible, *agana* the pitiless, smallpox! When *agana* struck none waited to



Junior Red Cross News is published monthly exclusive of June, July, August, by the American National Red Cross, 17th and D Streets, Washington, D. C. Volume 15, November, 1933. Number 3. 50 cents a year; 10 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 109, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921.

[51]

compare notes and argue. As soon as the first deaths became known men, women, children, goats, dogs, even the tame snakes that guarded the corn bins against rats and mice were hurriedly evacuated from the doomed village.

Tal left his meat where it lay and retreated up wind, past the ash-fertilized gardens of tobacco that grew on the outskirts of the village, past the farms where already birds and baboons were stripping the tall corn from the abandoned fields.

Once only in this generation had the dread pestilence struck the village—ten seasons ago. Then Tal had been five years old. His father and mother and all his relatives had been slain in one short week. There is always famine after pestilence, and such food as neighbors had given the orphaned boy had been measured out grudgingly from their scanty supply. None could afford to keep an extra mouth in the household, and the lonely child had found food from door to door. At night he had found shelter in the hut of old Nasi, who even in those days dwelt apart, half-starved, muttering to herself, with the reputation of being a witch.

He had herded the village goats in company with other naked brown toddlers. Driven by hunger, he had become an expert in setting the flying noose and other traps for small game, and had learned to rub fire from two sticks of wood and to cook and devour his meat in secret so that none could take it from him. Later, the same hunger, the same loneliness had turned him into a hunter. Others, grown men, might talk loudly of their skill with the bow, and their knowledge of the ways of game; yet when all others went empty-handed, it was Tal who staggered home, his thin body bending beneath a load of fresh-killed meat nearly as heavy as himself.

With his profits as a hunter he had built himself a hut far out from the noisy village. For he had come to prize loneliness. Nor had he forgotten old Nasi. He took her always such tender morsels of meat as she could most easily chew, and, by bartering surplus meat,

provided her with grain and other necessities.

He must find old Nasi! She could tell him what had happened, whither all the people had scattered, what was yet to come.

He turned back to recover the reed-buck liver. He found himself stalking the bundle of meat on silent toes, his eyes on the village and what it held. He wrapped the gift in leaves from the tall *dawa* corn on his way through the farms.

But Nasi's hut was empty. The hearthstone—he felt it—was barely warm. She might have cooked her morning meal, but the hearth was not hot enough to make this certain. An earthenware jar of water had been spilt outside the door. The sun had dried the ground, but when he scraped it with his toe the earth was black and damp beneath the surface. Clearly she had drawn the morning water from the river. Tal had been away three days on the hunt; had hunger driven her out in the meantime? But the mud-built corn bin, and the flour in the flat basket beside the small quern for grinding corn showed that this could not



He thrust the canoe out with a few powerful strokes

have been the reason.

Fear could not have driven her forth; old women like Nasi know no fear. Had *agana*, the smallpox, overtaken her? But then she would have been here still.

Not hunger, not thirst, not fear, not sickness, then. . . .

With a leap he was out of the hut, brushing under the low-hanging thatch, racing towards the river bank. Last time that pestilence had struck the village, men and women had been killed by their fellow villagers under suspicion of being witches who had invoked the calamity. And old Nasi was thought a witch!

Rows of corn, seemingly unending, brushed and struck him as he ran. But at last the river bank was in sight, then its close-cropped grass actually under foot. The dug-out canoes had gone, all except one—long, narrow, shaped like a racing punt with flat bottom and straight sides. Green with mildew, without a paddle, it swung idly in the slow current. Tal dropped from the

bank and waded towards it. No time to think of crocodiles. The pole to which it had been moored was a punt-pole; good! He tore it from the mud and leaped aboard. Stagnant bilge-water splashed around his ankles as he thrust the canoe out with a few powerful strokes. His bow and quiver he laid carefully in the prow of the craft, which his weight in the stern lifted high and dry. If he were to rescue Nasi from a revengeful tribe, he would need a dry, taut bow-string, and dry, swift-acting poison on the arrow-tips.

Hurling the light craft swiftly through the shallow water of the broad river, Tal still found time to plan. There was only one place to which they would take old Nasi for trial, the Cave of the Ancestors. It was not a real cave, but an

outcrop of granite, riven through the middle so that the two sides leaned in together like the sides of a gigantic roof. One end went down like a tunnel into the waters of the river. That end was filled with water and writhing with crocodiles whose duty it was to consume the sacrifices made to the ancestors.

At the other end the tribe would be assembled in a clearing of the forest. The people would be waiting, each man a little apart from his neighbor for fear of the sickness. One might, with luck, fight one's way through their loose ranks, find Nasi within the cave, and then offer the people a choice; the life of an old woman, or the death of as many men as a well-filled quiver could achieve!

(To be concluded)



The Gateway of the Sun at Tiabuanaco

WHEN the Spaniards, in their conquest of South America, entered the region now known as Bolivia they found an old city near Lake Titicaca. They did not know that they had reached the highest navigable lake and one of the oldest known cities in the world. Natural wonders and mysterious grandeur scarcely stirred them. Plunder was their object. And this city of Tiabuanaco was a prize. The huge stone blocks of its buildings were fastened together with great silver and copper staples. So they pried the staples loose and carried them off.

The massive walls were left to topple. But earthquake and storm did not accomplish the

Very High and Very Old

FLORENCE McDERMOTT

Photographs from the American Museum
of Natural History

ruin as thoroughly as the hand of man. The destruction begun by the Spaniards was completed by Indians, who carried off nearly everything that was movable for their homes and fences; by Christian priests, bent on destroying pagan idols; by soldiers who used

the priceless treasures for rifle practice, and finally by railroad builders who laid tracks through the city and ground its relics into ballast for roadbed. Fortunately for the student of archeology and the lover of mystery, the city was too big to be wholly destroyed.

It originally covered more than a square mile, with paved streets, enormous statues, temples and palaces. Over its walls towered a stone-faced pyramid with terraces leading to the summit where stood a great stone reservoir. Some of the stones used in its construction weigh a hundred tons. Bronze and stone tools were used by the lost race to smooth those rocks into shape, lift them into place and, without mortar, fit

them together so nicely that not even a knife blade could be inserted between. What is the meaning of the great stone statues? And what do the reliefs that have been carved upon the buildings have to say?

A most interesting relic of stone-cutting is the "Gateway of the Sun," made of a single huge rock. A doorway cut through the center is topped by a figure with rays shooting from his head that probably represents the sun god. On each side are smaller figures of men and condors. The condor is that regal bird of the Andes which now appears on Bolivia's coat of arms. According to local legends a giant condor bore the sun across the sky; while the jaguar, god of night, carried the moon on its journey. Early pottery taken from the ruins sometimes pictures a condor fighting a jaguar, perhaps as symbol of the conflict between day and night.

Although local legends give a dim hint of the meaning of some carvings, there is as yet no solution to the mystery of the builders. Who were they, and how did the population of so large a city manage to live on a plateau which today will support only a small number of people?

Even the name of the city is obscure. Some say it means the "Place of the Dead." Some Spanish historians believe that it comes from a word meaning "to be seated," and the guanaco, a South American animal. They say that a tired postboy was commanded to sit and rest by the Inca to whom he brought a message and that the Inca compared the messenger's fleetness to the swiftness of the guanaco.

Tiahuanaco is surrounded by farms tilled by the present "Children of the Sun," the Aymará Indians. They strongly resemble Asiatic Mongols. It is generally believed that the ancient Mongols were the ancestors of all American Indian tribes, having crossed Bering Straits.

Whatever its origin, there is strong evidence that Tiahuanaco was the product of two periods. Two different kinds of stone have been used in two different styles. Many of the worked stones of the later period are only partly finished, which may mean that some great catastrophe forced the workers to leave in haste. The

present Indian inhabitants have no traditions about those builders, nor of any group that preceded them.

It is difficult to judge the age of the city. The ancient Tiahuanacotans used a sun-dial, and a German scientist and astronomer, Dr. Rolf Müller, has made calculations to determine how far the axis of the earth has shifted since their sun-dial stood in its proper relation to the poles. At first he used a formula adopted by the French Society of Astronomers, and he obtained 12,000 years as the city's age. This seemed incredible. So he tried another formula, and the answer was about 6,000. But most archeologists think that even this latter date, 4000 B. C., is too far back.

The Spaniards took gold and silver out of Bolivia. But they could not take this unique treasure. Even our modern passion for getting at the truth may never solve its mystery. Perhaps this splendid monument lies beyond the scope of research and accumulated knowledge.



Statue called "The Friar," from Tiahuanaco

We, Us and Co. in London Town

CHARLOTTE KETT

PART III

"TOMORROW is the last day," Aunt Kitty said, "and your problems are going to be hard ones. Find some bust or statue of a great American, find something related to Harvard College, then top off with something that brings history up-to-date."

When they met the next evening the light of conquest was in Paul's eyes. "Aunt Kitty, I've

fulfilled all your requirements," he reported, "and then some."

"You found a statue?"

"Of no less a person than George Washington, by Houdon, on the lawn outside the National Gallery, where he has a splendid view of Trafalgar Square with its fountains and lions. I liked the looks of the church at his left, so I went in. The story of that church is told in its door knobs. They are in bronze, showing St.



*The door handles show
St. Martin dividing his
cloak with a beggar*

*St. Martin's in
the Fields*

Martin dividing his cloak with the poor man. It is called St. Martin's in the Fields, but it is actually in the very heart of London traffic."

"Times have changed since it was named," Aunt Kitty said. "What did you think of it?"

"I liked it, especially outside. The stone, whitened with age, and the shadows, deepened with soot, make it a wonderful study in black and white. But what most impressed me is the way it lives up to its door handles. It lives up to its nickname, 'the church of the ever-open door.' People go in there not only all day long for rest and quiet, but at night those who can't afford a bed take shelter there. About two thousand poor a month sleep in the church. Downstairs there are club rooms and a canteen; boys use the yard as a playground. A sign reads, 'At this time of National Difficulty this church is set aside for Special Prayer in behalf of our Country between 1-2 p.m. each day.'"

"But how does it touch *us*?" Aunt Kitty asked.

"Georgia's founder was christened here, James Edward Oglethorpe, and he too lived up to the door knobs. When he was still a young man, he became Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee on Debtor's Prisons. He secured a charter that would allow his poor prisoners to begin life again in the New World. He was far from popular with many of the influential men of his time, because he ruled Negro slaves and rum out of his colony and thus limited profits. So when Spaniards attacked his settlements, he had to defend them as best he could, without help from home."

"It looks as if St. Martin put his imprint on

the babies baptised in his church, doesn't it?" said Patsy.

"It's a pretty theory," Aunt Kitty replied. "Now tell us what you found, Patsy."

"But I haven't finished!" Paul protested.

"Never mind, you shall have another chance!"

"I match Paul's Washington with a Lincoln," said Patsy, "a St. Gaudens' Lincoln, like the one in Chicago, standing in Parliament Square, facing Westminster Abbey, with a view of Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament on his left. Only Lincoln won't look at them, he keeps his eyes down, as if he were sad. I looked around to see what made him so downcast and found my answer on the opposite

corner of the same grass plot. It is a bright-roofed kiosk sheltering a drinking fountain put up by Charles Buxton to commemorate the emancipation of slaves in the British Dominions. On it are carved the names of the men who helped to put the bill through Parliament: Macaulay, Wilberforce, Clarkson and Sir T. Fowler Buxton. I think it must sadden Lincoln that England was able, by constitutional means, to bring about the change that cost his country all the waste and bitterness of civil war."

"Yes," said Aunt Kitty, "that bill was passed in August, 1833, and this summer there were general celebrations throughout the British Empire for the hundred years of freedom from slavery. Still, at the same time that Wilberforce and the rest were fighting that kind of slavery, another kind was binding European and American children almost as terribly in mines and mills. It has taken another long fight to free them.

"Did you go inside Westminster Abbey?"

"Indeed I did! And unearthed a whole mine of treasures. First of all, there is Longfellow's bust in Poet's Corner, almost able to whisper in Chaucer's ear. It is a most friendly place; I met dozens of old acquaintances: Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Johnson, Hardy, and further on Newton, Darwin, Livingstone, Lister, the two Pitts, Fox, Gladstone, not to mention Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary and Mary Queen of Scots. Some of our ancestors are buried there, too, and plumbers and watchmakers—all sorts of people. It is like a big democratic town hall of the dead.

"An attendant lent me a pair of cloth slippers to put on to save the priceless old wine- and

mustard-colored tiles that pave the Chapter House. And oh, what a lovely place it is! Right at the entrance I saw a memorial window to James Russell Lowell, and beneath it a tablet to the memory of our ambassador during the war, Walter Hines Page, with the words, 'The friend of Britain in her sorest need.' Both were erected by English people; that did please me.

"But it is what they look at that is just too astonishing. There is a case of old charters where some of John Cabot's transactions with the Bristol customs house are set forth. I considered that quite a find; but if it hadn't been for the clumsy cloth slippers, I'd have jumped for joy when I found a grant by King Eadgar to Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, dated 967. And, will you believe it, there is one that is older still, penned on 'the ides of June, 693,' in which Offa, King of the Mercians, deeds ten hides of land to this very church which was then named St. Peter's and which Offa describes as being 'in the terrible place called Westminster.'

"These are mostly written in Latin, but the land is always described in Anglo-Saxon. No, don't think I figured them out for myself; there are translations attached.

"Now I've beaten Paul and his Domesday Book, haven't I, Aunt Kitty?"

"You've beaten him with the age and humor of your documents. But his had more social importance, I think. What else did you find?"

"Harvard Chapel!"

"Good girl! Where?"

"Across the river, in Southwark, Shakespeare's old hang-out. There is a monument to William in Southwark Cathedral bearing the inscription: 'A tribute from English and American admirers of the poet whose work and glory are their common heritage.' Above, a window has been set 'in gratitude for the good gift to men of the genius of William Shakespeare.' I like 'common heritage' and 'good gift to men.' These are exactly opposite the tomb of Gower, Richard the Second's poet laureate, with the three books he wrote, each in a different language, as a pillow

beneath his head. Shakespeare's brother is also buried here."

"But I thought we were to hear about Harvard?" Aunt Kitty said.

"Oh yes, him!" said Patsy, trying to bring her wandering wits to earth. "John Harvard was christened in Southwark Cathedral, and the chapel, which in Norman times was dedicated to St. John, has been redecorated by Harvard graduates and turned into John Harvard's Chapel. John Harvard was born near by in High Street, within sight of London Bridge, the Tower and Shakespeare's Globe Theater. His father, who was a butcher, died of the plague, yet John found the means not only to graduate from Cambridge but also to take his master's degree. His mother's people must have been well-off, for her father was an alderman of Stratford-on-Avon, and she owned an inn.

"He was only two years out of college when he married and sailed for Massachusetts. He died a year later, leaving half his fortune and all his library for founding a college which should contribute to 'the education of the English and Indian youth of this country in knowledge and godlynes.' All but one of the books were burned, but

the college goes on, though few of its students today could be called English or Indian."

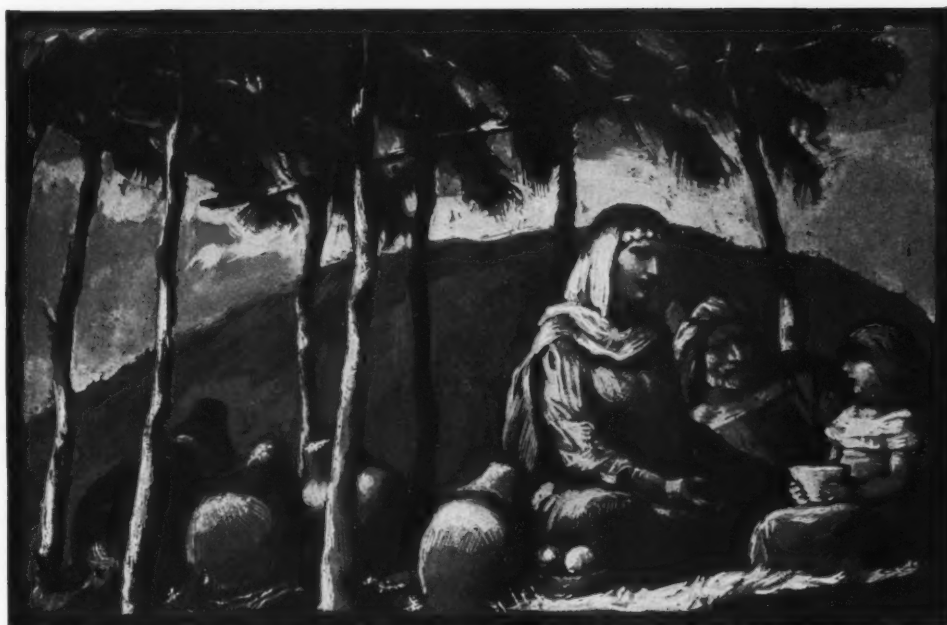
"Did you find any Harvard souvenirs?" Aunt Kitty asked, turning to her nephew.

"Have I failed you yet?" Paul asked. "Of course I did. Only it is also history-up-to-date. It's Downing Street, where both the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have their houses, and where so much of England's fate is being settled day by day. Downing Street was built by Sir George Downing, Harvard's second graduate. His father and mother settled in Salem in 1638, but George returned to the mother country to become Cromwell's Scoutmaster. When he left the army he became a member of Parliament. It was he who headed the movement to make Cromwell king. Later he went abroad on diplomatic missions. But nobody liked him much. He was stingy, treach-

(Continued on page 62)



St. Paul's Cathedral in the heart of London. There is another spire like the one with the clock, on the other side of St. Paul's famous dome



"I'm tired as can be," declared Tamar, "and I'm glad I don't have to walk even as far as the house."

Harvest Festival in Solomon's Day

DOROTHY F. ZELIGS

Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

TAMAR was nine years old. She lived in a little village in the valley of Jezreel, which lies south of the Sea of Galilee, in Palestine. All around the village were farms and pasture lands. You would have thought Tamar's house quite odd. It was a small hut made of sun-dried clay, with only one large room for the whole family. Many of the pet animals also slept and ate and played right in the house. About three-fourths of the floor space was raised. The family lived in this part and the animals in the lower portion. It's a good thing they didn't have much furniture or they wouldn't have had room to move around. The beds were just mats which could be rolled up and put in a corner during the day. Tamar often carried her bed up to the roof, which was quite flat and had low walls around it. In the evening, cool breezes blew and the stars seemed very close. In the morning when she awoke, the little girl liked to look over the pleasant fields where grain and fruit and vegetables were growing. Tamar spent much of her time helping in the house or in the fields.

"Hurry, daughter," her mother called, one afternoon. "It is almost the cool of the day, and your father and brothers will soon be in from the fields. I have put the barley through the millstone. Make the dough and bake the bread."

Tamar mixed the dough and rolled it into thin round cakes. Then she took a large earthen jar, with some hot charcoals at the bottom. She pasted the dough against the sides of the earthen pot, and in a few minutes the bread was baked.

"You shall have another dress for the festival of the new moon," said Shua, her older sister, as her hands moved quickly to and fro on a small loom. "I shall make it a pretty blue color, striped with gold. Then you will look as fine as the daughters of the rich who parade in the market places of Jerusalem."

"It's for me?" Tamar danced joyously up and down, almost upsetting the big jar of water which she had just drawn from the well.

"Father and the boys are coming," cried Shua, and ran to get a bowl of water to wash their feet. The laborers looked hot and weary. They wore very little clothing—just a shirt or tunic reaching to the knees, tied with a girdle around the waist, and sandals on their bare feet. Each had a cloth around his head.

The men washed their hands, and sat down on a mat before a low table. The women served them with a simple meal of vegetables, cheese and bread. Each dipped pieces of bread in the large bowl which stood in the middle of the table, and brought the food to his mouth in that way.

"Tomorrow," said Reuben, Tamar's father, "we will press the olives. Everyone will be needed to help. We have finished beating the trees and gathering the fruit and it is now ripening in the fields."

The next morning Tamar was up very early and went into the fields with the rest of the family. Her many small cousins were there, too, eager to help. They carried the olives to the oil press, which was just a square hole cut out of the rock. The men took a stone, put it over the olives, and turned it round and round, crushing the fruit to a pulpy mass.

"This is the part I like," Tamar said, as her mother came up with some large baskets of grass, loosely woven. "I'm going to see how many baskets I can fill all by myself."

When about five baskets were filled with the black, pasty stuff, Tamar's father put them one above the other on a large flat stone in which gutters were cut. Then he and his sons pressed down upon the baskets with a heavy log, which was fastened to the center of a wooden frame and could be let up and down on a screw. The oil flowed out, down the gutters cut in the stone, and into the trough.

"See," said Shua, kneeling beside the trough. "I have already filled five jars and we are really just beginning."

Tamar loved these harvest gatherings, when the whole family, aunts, uncles and cousins, worked together in the fields. After the olives were pressed, the grape season came round, and the fruit hung in ripe clusters from the vines. Tamar's father and mother had worked hard in the vineyard and given it the best of care. Many an hour had Tamar herself spent on her knees, pulling weeds and hoeing the ground.

One sunny morning, she woke early and hurried out of doors to the vineyard. Cool and ripe and juicy hung the fruit. Today the wine-making would begin. It always took several days, and Tamar found it very exciting.

"Hello," she cried as her father and brothers came up carrying branches. "I know

what you are going to do. You are going to build booths so you can sleep out here and guard the vineyard from thieves and wild animals while we are gathering the fruit and making the wine. I remember from last year."

"That's right, little girl," smiled her father.

"Mother said I could sleep out here tonight, too," went on Tamar, dancing excitedly around.

The work went on quickly and happily. The bunches of grapes seemed to dance from the vines into the big baskets.

"This is the part I like best," cried David, Tamar's cousin, as they carried the grapes to the winepress, a large hollow place cut out of the rock. It was about a foot and a half deep, and four feet square. The bottom sloped to one corner, and, from this point, a channel was cut to a second hollow below. This one was smaller but deeper than the first.

"Come on, everybody," called Tamar, and with a shout of delight the children, men and women jumped into the winepress with their bare feet, and tramped on the grapes. Up and down they jumped, in time to their singing and clapping



The bunches of grapes seemed to dance into the baskets

of hands. When the grapes had been crushed and broken, everyone got out. The men took big stones and forced them down over the grapes with a heavy beam. The juice flowed through the channel into the lower pit and was drawn off into jars.

"I'm tired as can be," declared Tamar, "and I'm glad I don't even have to walk as far as the house to go to sleep." She was sitting on the grass drinking some *leben*, which is just another name for sour milk.

Tamar went to sleep early, that night. She lay on her mat in the booth, looking at the moon beams which danced in through the branches above her. She did not know, of course, that hundreds of years later, Jewish people all over the world would celebrate the harvest festival of Succoth by dwelling in booths, to remember the time when the Hebrews had done so in the land of Canaan.



Tamar pasted the dough on the pot

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Succoth is observed in the United States and in other countries where Jews are found. I remember how I loved that festival

when I was a child. A booth was put up in our back yard with branches over the top, through which the sun shone at noon and the moon gleamed at night. We children decorated the walls with all sorts of fruits and flowers so that it was gay with autumn colors. The family gathered in the booth, or *succa*, for meals. In the afternoon there was often a party to which the neighborhood children were invited. It was a joyous holiday of thanksgiving for the harvest and may be compared to our American

Thanksgiving Day. But besides celebrating the harvest, the holiday commemorates the far-away time when Moses led his people out of Egypt and they lived in frail, temporary booths as they traveled through the wilderness of Sinai.

The Calendar Story

THIS is the story told on the French Riviera about how lemons came to that part of the world.

It was a warm day when Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise. "What shall we take to eat on the way?" thought Eve, glancing wistfully at the fruit trees they were leaving behind them. She shuddered at the thought that apples, peaches, pears, grapes, plums, would not keep.

"I know it will be hot and thirsty outside the gates," she said anxiously.

"Take me," said a friendly lemon tree, thrusting forward a fruit-laden bough.

"Thanks," sighed Eve gratefully. Breaking off the branch she put it over her shoulder and the angel with the flaming sword let it pass as they went out of Eden.

After that Adam and Eve crossed many burning lands. One by one the lemons refreshed them, as they searched in vain for a country as beautiful and homelike as Eden, until only one remained on the branch. And now they were passing up the west shore of Italy. Adam was

anxious to give up the search and make a new start in life. "This looks like good farming land," he said, "and it is beautiful as well. Suppose we stop here."

But Eve was not satisfied. "It's not quite like Eden," she said. "Let's go on one day more."

That evening when they stopped for the night, Eve gave a cry of delight. They had come to the spot where the lovely bay of Mentone notches the line of the French Riviera. Behind them rose the sheltering cliffs covered with trees and flowers and before them broken headlands seemed to float on the sea, misty as pearls in the evening light.

"This is the place, this is Paradise again!" cried Eve. Together they ate the last lemon and then Eve stuck the branch in the earth and lay down beside it. When she awakened it had already taken root and was putting forth fresh leaves. So there Adam and Eve built their new home. And if you are astonished at the size and beauty of the lemons of Mentone, remember that they came straight from Eden.—A. M. U.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1933, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

VOL. 15 NOVEMBER, 1933 NO. 3

National Officers of the American Red Cross

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.....President
CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.....Vice-President
HERBERT HOOVER.....Vice-President

JOHN BARTON PAYNE.....Chairman Central Committee
JAMES CRAWFORD BIGGS.....Counselor
DEAN G. ACHESON.....Treasurer
MADEL T. BOARDMAN.....Secretary
JAMES L. FIESER.....Vice-Chairman
ERNEST P. BICKNELL.....Vice-Chairman
JAMES K. MCCLINTOCK.....Vice-Chairman

EDWARD W. MARCELLUS.....Director, Junior Red Cross
ELLEN MCBRYDE BROWN.....Editor, Junior Red Cross Publications

JUNIORS CAN HELP

MANY reports have come in to National and Branch Offices telling us of the fine enthusiasm with which you have commenced the work of this school year. We are delighted to learn that in spite of the difficult conditions which exist in so many places you are carrying on your Junior Red Cross program with full vigor.

You need no reminder that this month is set apart by the American Red Cross for the annual Roll Call. During the past year the Red Cross has aided sufferers in more than one hundred disasters, a half-million service and ex-service men and women, and more than five million needy families; and the fine educational work in First Aid, Life Saving, Home Hygiene and Junior Red Cross has been maintained at a high level. Friends of the organization are given at this time an opportunity to share in its work by taking out memberships. Funds so secured this fall are needed and will be used to carry on Red Cross work during the year.

An increasing number of Chapters will call upon their Juniors for assistance in presenting the work of the Red Cross to the people of their communities. We hope that each of you, when invited to do so, will help to win new friends and support for the Red Cross. You will find suggestions as to things you can do at home, at school and out in your community, on the November page of the *Calendar* and in the "Plan

[60]

Book" which your local Chapter is using as its Roll Call guide. As you join with our Senior members in the interesting work of the annual Roll Call you have our best wishes for enjoyment and success.

Edward W. Marcellus.

Director, American Junior Red Cross.

A GREETING

THE President of the National Education Association of the United States sends this friendly greeting:

DEAR JUNIORS:

How happy we are at this time of year when we all go back to school, renew friendships, pick up work once more, make other friends and widen the circle of life! And this is just what I want to tell you about, widening life till it shall include every experience at home, abroad, at school, at play, at work, at rest.

After some satisfaction in our own work, we begin to be interested in what other children are doing. By and by there begins to grow in our hearts an appreciation of the effort that brings success, and a sympathy for the failures that sometimes happen. We are beginning to grow up when at last we understand somebody's difficulties, and have a wish to help him succeed.

As we grow and widen our lives we begin to want friends everywhere, not only here in our own country, but in the lands that may perhaps seem to us foreign—until we know their people better. Then we realize that people of other lands are like ourselves—growing up, working, resting, playing, making things, selling them, loving, understanding, helping each other and trying to make a better world.

It is almost like "Alice in Wonderland" to watch ourselves grow up. We might write down the qualities in which we want to grow, as Lindbergh did. Have you ever read his list? Courage, courtesy, honesty, honor, cleanliness are on it. We think of Lindbergh as our American ideal. Get his ideas about growing up. Put them into action.

Best wishes to you, Juniors, for a growing, helping year. I shall be glad to hear from you.

JESSIE GRAY.



CANADIAN RED CROSS JUNIOR

Something



to Read

LUCK OF THE TRAIL

Esther Birdsall Darling: Doubleday,
Doran: \$1.75
(Boys, 12 and up)

THOUGH he lived in a big house with a butler and a governess, Blake Carson had always been a lonely boy. Then, at the end of a year at boarding school, just after he had made some real friends for the first time in his life, his father sent for him to come to Nome, to spend a year in Alaska. It was a hard blow.

On the docks at Seattle, however, he met Luck, a nondescript mongrel, but the most appropriately named dog on the Pacific coast. Luck adopted Blake, who shipped him to Nome. He saved the boy from being washed overboard in a wild storm before they even reached Nome, but in the new country—a dog's country—dog and boy alike had to prove themselves.

How Blake made good with the other fellows in spite of an injured shoulder and a piece of bad luck when he first tried to drive his dog team in the streets of Nome, and how Luck proved his courage and intelligence again and again, makes an exciting story. In addition the book tells a great deal about how the dog teams are trained. And it introduces you to a lot of real old sourdoughs. The author is an Alaskan herself and half-owner of a kennel that has bred many famous huskies. You feel sure that the men she describes are real characters. Nobody could think up Tom Barstow and Sandy Watson, the inseparable partners whose greatest amusement was bickering with one another. Tom loved dogs and made pie; Sandy made cake and spoiled a big Persian cat, Clara Bow. "I have to ride herd on her pretty close on account of Tom's bloodthirsty dogs," he explained, with rancor.

This is a book we recommend.

GIRLS IN AFRICA

Erick Berry: Macmillan: \$2.00
(Ages 10 to 14)

THIS book is by the illustrator of "Lone Hunter." She is Mrs. Herbert Best. "Girls in Africa" was written and illustrated in a little native village in Africa. The first story is of an English girl who killed an "accidental lion." The others are tales of real African girls, brown and merry. There is the story of Mowa, who was kidnaped by Hassana, because Has-

sana was fond of children, and particularly of Mowa; of Ashu, who caught a notorious thief and won a beautiful silk headcloth;

of Rimfu, who wanted to herd the cattle with her brothers instead of learning a woman's work, and of Hawa, whose father did her honor by not demanding a bride price at her betrothal. All the stories show the daily life of the African villages, the work, the travels, the bargaining, the crops and herds, the fishing, the tenderness of family life, the amusements, the girls' fondness for gorgeous headcloths and monthly visits to the hairdresser, their passion for dancing. The book makes you know the way the African girls feel.

TABITHA MARY

Ethel Parton: Viking Press: \$2.00
(Ages 9 to 12)

IT WAS a surprising thing, but if it hadn't been for the Spanish merino sheep, Tabitha Mary would still have been Tabitha Mary and a "useful child" in the house of Miser Davidge. But Matthew Minturn didn't believe in children's being too useful. So when he came back from arranging about the Spanish sheep, he brought Tabitha Mary with him. But Tabitha, he explained, was a name he could not possibly have in the house—he had had a great-aunt Tabitha who had had very hard knuckles which she used freely on small boys' heads. Tabitha Mary became Tatsy. Tatsy shed her Quaker brown and put on pretty pink and blue calico print dresses, and Peggy Minturn became her best friend.

It was very interesting living in the big Minturn house, going to school in the little schoolhouse with its immense fireplace that, for all its size, couldn't keep the ink from freezing some days that cold winter. It was fun listening to Uncle Nimmy's stories of his adventures and being the only one who knew which ones were true and which were made-up. And even the Sunday was exciting when it was so cold in the unheated church that two women fainted, while the minister there preached on inexorably through "twelfthly."

But best of all, perhaps, were the merino lambs in the spring. Tatsy had always wanted a lamb, and when one mother wouldn't have hers, the Spanish shepherd brought it to Tatsy. She called him White Cloud, and when he grew up he helped fulfill her chief ambition.—J. W. S.

THERE was complete silence in the little house on the slope of the mountain. Baby Tomek slept peacefully in his basket with his mother near him. Only Medor, the watchful dog, could not sleep, lying upon the mat in the small entrance hall, as usual, when the master of the house was absent. He felt that something was threatening, indescribably in the air—something that made the swallows leave their nests built under the roof of the house and fly away in an unusual way, in the morning. On the evening of the day before, Medor had seen a great number of mice also rushing away from the house. He did not even think of pursuing them; his instinct told him that some danger threatened the lives of all the people and creatures living in this house or near it. He felt that he also ought to run away, but at the same time, he thought of his duty and of his master's words when he was leaving the house:

"You good dog! Remember to watch well over the house!"

So Medor, instead of running away, pushed with his paws against the door leading to the bedroom, rushed into it, and pulled hard at his mistress' skirt to awaken her. Then he rushed to the door, but again turned back and began to bark as loudly as possible.

"Have you gone mad? Away with you!" cried the woman.

Oh, these people! They do not understand his warning! With his strong teeth, Medor snatched the basket with tiny Tomek in it, and ran out of the house at full speed, followed by the poor mother, who could not understand what all this meant.

Suddenly a thundering noise was heard and the earth trembled under their feet. The cottage upon the slope of the mountain staggered and rolled down like a tiny house of cards.

In the morning, a group of men from the village, armed with spades, set off to the rescue. They found only heaps of stones in the place of the catastrophe. All of them were sure that the poor woman had been buried alive with her child under those masses of earth and rubbish.

All at once a feeble whining reached their ears



Medor

J. DUSZYNSKA

at some distance from the place of disaster. When they came there, they saw little Tomek sleeping quietly on the ground, and near him, Medor with his hind legs crushed by the weight of a great stone that had rolled across them. Tomek's mother was lying unconscious, half buried by earth, not far from her child. When she opened her eyes, she whispered: "Where is Tomek?"

"He is quite safe and sound!"

"Medor is watching over him!"

"Oh, my dear dog!"

she whispered with tears in her eyes.

Poor Medor heard these words and barked feebly as if he wanted to say: "Tell my master that I did my duty properly!"

—From the Polish Junior Red Cross Magazine

WE, US AND CO. IN LONDON TOWN

(Continued from page 56)

erous and quarrelsome. Pepys had nothing good to say about him, nor did anyone else."

"What have you to offer, Patsy?"

"My bit is history-of-the-future, so probably it won't count," she replied. "It is Chelsea Lodge, Edwin Abbey's London house which has been willed, just as it stands, to the Royal Academy. He was a member, you know. The Academy intends to open it as a museum. I went there, but the butler would only let me have a small peep in the hall because it won't be open to the public for several months. The walls are covered with his drawings and paintings. Evidently he was appreciated as much in England as he was at home. That's all. Who has won, Aunt Kitty?"

"Oh," their aunt said, "You've both won."

"No, please, do say which did best!" Patsy pleaded.

"Truly, I can't make up my mind," said Aunt Kitty. "But I'll tell you what! I've written down all you have said in the form of a story. Let's let our readers decide!"

(The End)

What Shall We Play?

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR

TO make the boa constrictor, about ten boys should stand one behind the other, each one passing his right hand between his legs and grasping the left hand of the boy behind him. One boy stands at the side and acts as the showman, describing the boa constrictor to the audience and telling the human reptile what to do.

The showman begins by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen! Here you see the giant serpent known as the boa constrictor. It is fifteen feet long from head to tail and sixteen feet long from tail to head (having grown while being measured). It lives where the equator draws a belt around the earth. Watch carefully and see the serpent move."

The boys forming the boa constrictor then step out to the left, thus making the reptile seem to move.

The showman goes on to say: "The boa constrictor feeds on tobacco and poultry, tearing off hens' heads and sucking their blood. Now watch him lie down and go to sleep."

The boy last in line, who represents the tail of the serpent, lies down on his back without letting go of the hand of the boy in front of him. The line starts to move backwards, straddling the boy on the floor. As it does so, each boy lies down behind the boy who was formerly behind him, leaving one more prostrate figure for the next boy to pass over. The boy who was at the head of the line as the head of the snake thus passes over all the others and lies down at the end of the line. This procedure makes the boa constrictor seem to move backwards and lie down.

Next the showman says: "The boa sleeps. The boa snores. The boa wakes up and sings its morning song."

The boys snore lustily and then begin to move and to sing a song.

Then the showman says: "The boa constrictor gets up to go hunting."

At this the head boy who was the last to lie down gets up and, still holding the hand of the boy next to him, starts jumping forward, straddling the bodies of his prostrate companions. The next boy follows him closely and so on until the line is in its original position.

The boa can lie down in a different fashion. The position from which the line starts is the same (right hand passed between legs and hold-

ing left hand of next in line), but the head boy instead of the tail boy commences the action. He turns a front somersault and lands with legs astride, pulling after him the next boy who somersaults and lands between the legs of the first boy. And so on until all are lying prone.

Competitions may be held between two boa constrictors of equal length. Upon a signal the serpents start to lie down. Whichever succeeds first, wins. Then the serpents compete to see which can get up first.

When the game is over the showman says: "Ladies and gentlemen! The boa constrictor will now separate into its constituent parts."

The boys let go hands and walk away.

—German Junior Red Cross Magazine

THE BELL RINGER

A SMALL bell is tied about the neck of one of the players who is chosen to be the ringer. His arms are tied behind his back so that he cannot deliberately prevent the bell from ringing. The other players have their eyes bandaged and try to catch the ringer. Very often they get into funny situations; sometimes two or three players on hearing the bell ring, rush towards the sound and, instead of catching the ringer, catch each other while the ringer uses the opportunity to escape.

Rules: The person who catches the ringer takes his place. While the ringers are changing places the rest of the players are allowed to unbandage their eyes for a short rest.

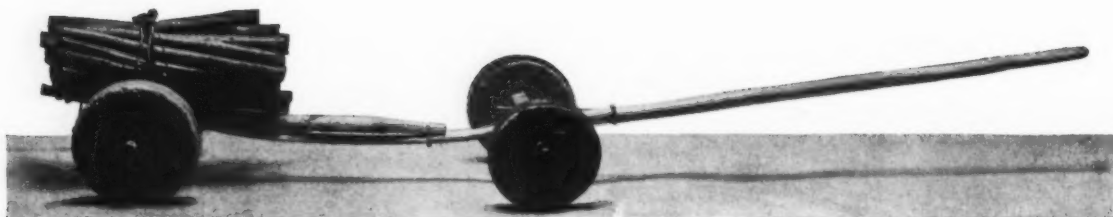
—Estonian Junior Red Cross Magazine

STORKS

WE need three big rubber balls in this game. The players are divided into "storks" and "hunters." All the "storks" stand on one foot. They are in lines. The hunters roll the balls at their feet. If the "stork" puts down his other foot when the ball touches his foot, a point is made by the hunters.

The "storks" may change feet but they are not allowed to stand on two feet. After the "hunters" have had three shots at the "storks," the "storks" become "hunters." The game is repeated. The side that gets the most feet put down loses.

—Zabarran Elementary School, Manila



Woodcutters' cart made by Bravaco Juniors

From the Overseas Mail

CHILDREN in the school at Bravaco, up in the Carpathian Mountains of Slovakia, sent their correspondents at Central School, South Dakota, a letter and small wooden models of the tools their fathers used in wood cutting. The letter said:

LAST year we sent you an album, wanting to give you an idea of our country, some photographs of our famous men who helped to win back our liberty and also some pictures from our district and activity. We told you that our fathers earn their living as woodcutters and shepherds, for there are many wonderful forests spread wide on the hills and plains about us.

This time we have made you some samples of tools in our hand-work lessons similar to those our fathers use for their work as woodcutters. We shall tell you the way they use them.

The most important of all the tools is, of course, the axe, which must always be very sharp so as to cut well. A woodcutter never wishes to lend his axe to anybody. The edge of the axe must be neither too hard, as it would easily break, nor too soft, for it would quickly get blunt and ragged. The handle and the axe serve the woodcutters as a measure. Another very important tool is the saw. The woodcutters ought to have a file with them always, so as to be able to sharpen their saws every once in a while. The third important tool is the wedge, made of hard beech wood.

The woodcutters first choose a tree, and then begin to saw it at a height of about thirty to thirty-five centimeters above the ground. Another of the woodcutters has to cut the roots of the tree with his axe on the opposite side. As soon as the saw has penetrated deeply into the trunk the very hard work for the men begins. They thrust the wedges into the trees in order to widen the opening. At the very moment when the tree comes crashing down to the earth, the woodcutters quickly withdraw their saws and jump aside. The tree falls just where they want

it to. The woodcutters then begin to cut off the branches. If the wood is to be used as lumber, the bark must be peeled off. This is done with wooden cutting points. The peeled bark is then dried. If the wood is to be used for cellulose the woodcutters, after having cut off the branches, cut the trees into one-meter lengths and chop them into still smaller pieces. To fell those trees the woodcutters need a special axe. They hew with it into the trunk of the tree and beat upon it with a cudgel and with a pestle. The cudgel is made of hard wood and braced with iron. The pestle is made out of a natural knotty wood, very thick. The chopped wood is then put up in piles.

The trees lying in the clearings of the wood which are to be used as lumber must be turned over towards the end of the summer in order to dry well on both sides. The turning of the trunks is hard and very dangerous work. The woodcutters need for this work an old-fashioned sharp hoe and a new-fashioned one, a type called "marmarosh," a chopper and a plain stake. With the chopper and stake the woodcutters cut up the tree. The branches are to be cut off with hatchets. These hatchets are sharpened on a grinding stone, where there is some water put under the wheel. One man turns the wheel and another sharpens the hatchet. In winter the bark of the tree is peeled with special knives which have handles on both sides. The prepared wood is then carted off in wagons or, in winter, in sledges, pulled by oxen or horses. The wood must be fastened to the wagons or sledges by spiked chains. A special hatchet with a thick blade serves to drive the spikes into the wood. The driver must always have with him a hoe and a chopper. The wood intended for cellulose is carted off in wheelbarrows, or in sledges when there is a good snow in the winter. The smaller pieces of wood are sawed with a handsaw.

The woodcutting is very hard work but healthful, for the woodcutters spend nearly all their lives in the open air, in fragrant forests. All the year round they sleep at night in small huts

built of bark, lying on odorous pine-needles. They maintain a big fire through the night, the smoke of which they also believe to be very healthful. On Saturday evenings they go home to enjoy their families for a little while, to change their clothes and to take new supplies of food for the next week.

Now we have told you about our fathers' life and work. The next time we shall tell you something about mountain farming.

We shall be glad to hear from you soon.

LAST APRIL the News published an article and some pictures about what ancient Egypt was like, which had been sent by the Lee School in Boston to its correspondent school in Hornbach, Hessen, Germany.

The September number of the Japanese Junior Red Cross magazine carried that Egypt story, translated into Japanese of course, and used the quaint drawing that came out in the April News. The German school has written to its Boston correspondents:

TWO years have passed since your beautiful work—we are thinking particularly of the work on Egypt—reached us, and you may have become indignant because we have not answered sooner. We beg you to forgive us and feel sure that you will, when you hear how much we have had to do in these two years.

In 1931 we had our schoolroom rebuilt into a modern classroom. Our village cabinet maker made beautiful square desks and chairs from an original design. We bought a few beautiful pictures for the walls. When it was finished, the whole village celebrated our good fortune with us. Since that time we have been very busy reorganizing our lesson plan. We no longer work as one whole class, but are divided into smaller work groups. The rebuilding of our classroom cost nearly twelve hundred marks, and we at once set about to raise this amount ourselves. In order to do this we arranged evening performances in villages, towns and cities. We were in Mainz from December 20, 1931, until January 12, 1932, at the Institute for Public Education. Here, at the opening meeting of the assembly, we

presented a class in practical school work. In the afternoon there were lectures. There is a fine exhibit of American school work on display at Mainz. We sent your letters and your work on Egypt for display there.

We presented an evening performance at Weinheim, which was attended by fourteen hundred people, and at their request we repeated it later and had an audience of more than nine hundred.

Then we thought of an even greater undertaking. In the spring we had our schoolhouse enlarged. The young men in the village, former pupils of our school, who were without work, volunteered their services. (The whole village has a population of 200.) Now, in addition to our schoolroom we have



Siamese members preparing an international correspondence album

a study room where we can do our written work, without being disturbed by the recitations of other pupils, and a charming fairy-tale room for our little pupils. Here the children six or seven years of age play games which teach them to read and to write and to do simple problems in arithmetic. They build with blocks and look at pretty picture books. Recently they have set up a tiny model store. Some of the unemployed men had written a fine festival play and we invited all the townspeople to our celebration.

In order to earn the three thousand marks to pay for the new building, we had to arrange for many evening performances. In the summer we traveled to Mainz, Wiesbaden, Bad Nauheim and Frankfurt and gave performances in the cure houses and theaters. We also broadcast three times over the radio. In August our teacher spent some time in and about Belgrade giving lectures to German people living in Yugoslavia.

During the past year, we have had more than five hundred visitors, and you can well imagine what a lot of planning and work that meant. We were visited by an American Study Commission of thirty-six men and women in July. We had countless letters to answer. We still have some letters to write to Japan and to Palestine.

Please do not return like with like and make us wait a long time for your reply. We would be very happy to receive another album from you.

Junior Funds, Worldwide

TO carry out their many plans to help others, Juniors all over the world earn their money for their Service Funds. Many of the ways that members in other countries have thought up have been gathered by the League of Red Cross Societies and may help American schools that want to earn money.

A Junior in a small village school in Australia recently made several shillings by bringing home a neighbor's cow each night. Others saved food scraps to sell to a poultry farmer. Two Juniors organized a circulating library in their home, lending books to their comrades at a penny a copy. A group, wishing to get shoes for the Junior Red Cross, cut out sheets of blotting paper into the shape of boots and sold the pieces to pupils. A Polish boy had the original idea of taking portrait photographs of his friends. A group in the same country made fifty satchels for sale, and another bound sixty books and with the proceeds bought soap, basins and towels for the school. A large sum was once raised in Brussels by a doll exhibition.

The methods adopted vary with the regions and climes: Canadian Juniors shovel snow and Czechoslovak Juniors collect goose feathers and chestnuts. British Juniors are great collectors of tinfoil. Old newspapers are gathered in all countries. Juniors in India frequently collect dead wood and draw water from wells; Japanese children gather such things as shellfish and empty bottles for sale. Beekeeping and silk-worm breeding are popular in many places. Siamese Juniors have occasionally raised money by making beautiful embroidered costumes for dolls, which are afterwards sold by auction during Red Cross Week and fetch high prices. The pupils of the class in English in an Albanian school decided to pay a small fine for the benefit of the Junior Red Cross for every word they

failed to speak in English during the lessons.

In Greece, many groups have raised enough money to start school libraries or to buy school-books for needy pupils. An Australian group gave the prize-money it had won in a competition to buy an invalid chair for a crippled boy.

Later, these Juniors formed a personal friendship with the boy and bought him a radio. Puerto Rican Juniors one year raised \$13,500, part of which was used to give scholarships to eight talented but needy students.

Prolonged efforts on the part of small groups of Juniors appear in such simple phrases as the following, taken from their reports: "We paid the milk bill for a poor family of six throughout the winter"; "We gave hot meals to fifty underfed pupils every day for three months"; "We earned money to buy shoes for fifteen children who had to come bare-

foot to school in wet weather."

The sums raised by Juniors are by no means small. At the tenth anniversary celebration of the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross, it was estimated that the Juniors of that country had devoted in the decade more than four million crowns (about \$120,000) to improve the health of their needy comrades and to help the unfortunate in many other ways. In Yugoslavia, Junior groups for the past nine years have spent an average of two hundred thousand *dinars* on various service and relief activities. In a single year, they made 27,000 *dinars* (\$490), through their manual workshops and more than 200,000 *dinars* (\$3,500), by giving performances and plays. Bulgarian Juniors during 1931-32 used almost 700,000 *levas* (\$5,185), for various local service projects, and in Latvia the groups disbursed no less than 10,000 *latts* (\$2,000), in helping the children of needy and unemployed families, in addition to the large sums expended



Australian Juniors (above) sewing calendars which they sell for their hospitals for children of war veterans. Below is a child at one of the hospitals



by the Central Committee of the Junior Red Cross for canteens and warm clothing.

In the Province of Victoria, Australia, an appeal was launched in the Junior Red Cross magazine for a sum of £200 (\$973 at par), needed to pay the salary of an almoner to follow-up child patients recovering from infantile paralysis. In less than three months the necessary sum was raised. Italian Juniors have for several years devoted an average of three hundred thousand *lire* (\$16,666) to sending delicate children to summer colonies or paying for their medical treatment, and in France, an appeal contained in the Junior Red Cross magazine every spring encourages Junior groups to send from forty to sixty children to the seaside during the holidays.

Canadian Juniors concentrate all their efforts on their "Crippled Children's Fund," to which their membership fees and other voluntary contributions are devoted. Since this fund was established, a sum averaging thirty to forty thousand dollars a year has enabled a total of nine thousand children to receive treatment for curable diseases in the Junior Red Cross hospitals. Equally valuable work is being carried on in the



European Juniors bind books

Province of New South Wales (Australia) where Juniors support three preventoria for delicate children. Each issue of their magazine shows a new substantial sum added from hundreds of small contributions. Two thousand two hundred children have been nursed back to health in these Homes.

Junior Red Cross contributions to disaster relief have often amounted to relatively important sums, such as the 65,000 francs (\$1,857), collected by Belgian

Juniors after a flood, and the 45,000 *drachmae* (\$600), expended by Greek Juniors on behalf of victims of an earthquake. Juniors also aid the victims of disasters that occur in other countries than their own. When French Juniors collected about thirty thousand francs (\$1,200) following a flood in their country, they received contributions from the Juniors of ten other nations. Juniors in Venezuela forwarded money to Santo Domingo after an earthquake, while Dominican Juniors did the same for Nicaragua, and young Argentinians rebuilt a school in Paraguay.

These are only a few examples of the way Juniors in all parts of the world work together.

Our Work Completed

ON JUNE 30 the American Junior Red Cross withdrew from the Albanian Vocational School at Tirana, Albania, which it had founded in 1921 and partly supported ever since. In all, a whole generation of school boys and girls of the United States have contributed to the support of this school through the National Children's Fund. The total reached more than a quarter of a million dollars. Year by year the school became more nearly self-supporting and the Albanian government was able to give it more help. Now, as was planned from the beginning, the government has taken it over.

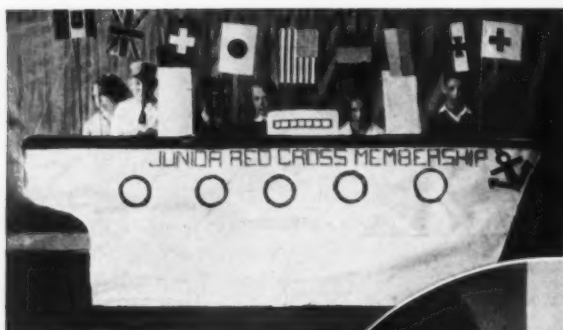
The Albanian Minister for Foreign Affairs wrote the American Minister to Albania:

On the occasion of the conclusion of the mission of the American Junior Red Cross in Tirana, I deem it my duty to address to Your Excellency an expression of the sentiments of gratitude of the Royal government and of the entire people for the very valuable help that our country's

national education has received from that American institution. The Albanian youth will always remember that it is an American creation born of the well-wishing and charitable sentiments of the people of America, who carried it to maturity and turned it over to us in full bloom.

I beg Your Excellency to become the interpreter of these sentiments to the American Junior Red Cross and to be good enough to convey the assurance that we will always keep it in our hearts.

Between the year 1926, when the first class was graduated, and 1932, one hundred and fifty-seven graduates went out from the school and many more boys had three or four years of training. It was the aim of the school to equip all its students for useful citizenship in Albania. Thirty-four of the graduates are now teachers; twenty-four, government officials; eight are heads of communes; five are farming; thirty-seven are in reserve officers' schools or continuing their education outside Albania; five are business men; two are newspaper writers.



Juniors from Central School, Morgantown, West Virginia, made this "member ship." For good deeds done, the captain gave a passport and J. R. C. button



Members of the Junior Red Cross Council of Saugatuck, Connecticut, with baskets of food, collected by the Juniors for needy families at Thanksgiving



Puerto Rican members in Pilgrim costume

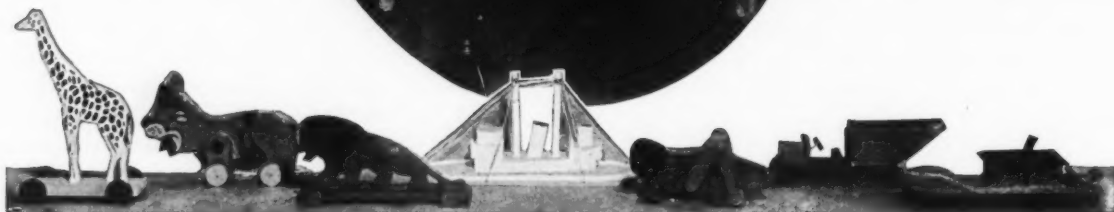


Lincoln and Lancaster County, Nebraska, Juniors filled 173 boxes for veterans

The Harbor Schools, Ashtabula, Ohio, have been making painted ash trays and flower vases for veterans. All told they have made nearly 600



Duluth, Minnesota, Juniors getting supplies ready for Red Cross Roll Call



Wooden toys made by New York City Juniors for needy children

NOVEMBER DOINGS

Not Charity, But Sharing

SOME of the best discussions of the Junior delegates to the Red Cross Convention last spring were about trying to help in the right way. William Fickes, Jr., of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, said that he thought the help should be given according to a plan. The Juniors should find out what was being done already and not duplicate the work of some other organization. Then, he said, they should not scatter their help all over the place, but should concentrate on

understand the right way to carry on our projects, especially the distribution of second-hand clothing. The clothing should not be distributed in the school where it will be recognized by pupils who donate it. This might cause embarrassment on the part of those who accept help. I think the people who should call and find out about people who need clothing, food, etc., are nurses and social workers. Names of the needy should not be distributed. In Syracuse there is an agreement between the different social welfare organizations that no names of those in need be given out. Names are drawn from glass bottles. The family which takes a name keeps this secret and no one else knows who is being helped.

"In almost every school in the United States some lunches are given away free. Lunch tickets should be given to the pupils beforehand so that pupils not being helped do not know which children are. In Syracuse schools there is a scholastic fund which pays carfare, buys books and such things for pupils who cannot buy them. When you sell your school books you get so little for them—wouldn't it be better to put them into a library so that needy people could use them?"

Jacob Slonaker of Wayne County, Indiana said: "Because our schools are small it is necessary to proceed carefully to avoid embarrassment to those we help. One four-room school provides a free lunch for every child every day. The Junior Red Cross in this school gives some money and lots of time, helping to serve and washing dishes. The food is solicited from all the families, most of whom are on farms. In a high school beds, bedding, food and clothing were collected and given to two needy families. The collections were made and presented quietly without many people knowing about them, thus saving embarrassment for the children of these families who were in school. Two schools collected clothing and prepared to exchange it so that the garments could be given out in a different locality from the one where the collections were made."

One of the delegates said: "When children give to each other, that is not 'charity,' but just sharing."



Members in Turnov, Czechoslovakia, packing fruit for schools in districts where none grows

what they could do and do well. "Work should not be started unless you have a definite program for finishing it up," he said. In Harrisburg, the Juniors have blanks to be taken to the city hospitals, children's homes and sanitariums and homes for the aged. These are filled in by the heads of the institutions with information about the people in them and the needs that can be filled by the Junior Red Cross.

"The Red Cross is a voluntary organization," said Fickes. "You join because you want to and when you help you do it because you want to and not because you have to. The spirit of your giving is very important."

Another point he brought out was the fact that when help is given, it is given quietly and without a lot of publicity that might embarrass those on the receiving end. This point was also emphasized by Harold Ricketts of Syracuse, New York. He said: "You and I and all of us should



Danville, Pennsylvania, members with food they collected for the needy at Thanksgiving

Juniors the Country Over

We invited our nearest neighbor school thirty miles distant to join us in a program and picnic. As one number of our program a girl explained how we made our money for the Junior Red Cross. She displayed our accounts and encouraged them to join. We presented them with a little Nevada booklet like those we have been sending to other states. They were much interested. After they had returned home and looked through our booklet and talked it over,

each of them wrote a letter to our school saying that they planned to join the Junior Red Cross. We are very proud to belong to the Junior Red Cross. We were glad to get letters from Germany and the Philippine Islands.

VETERANS in the Naval Hospital, Newport, Rhode Island, received many gifts from Juniors last year. The manager wrote to the various schools, as follows:

To the Junior Red Cross of Putney, Vermont:

The boxes of greens arrived in ample time to plan for their use, and I am sure you will be pleased to know how successfully they worked into our scheme of decoration. The long vine-like pine was used in various places, but was particularly attractive on the mess-hall tables. We made small wreaths which were used at the base of candles containing red tapers and greatly enhanced the appearance of the Christmas tables.

To New London, Connecticut:

We have received from you a renewal of the magazine which, we can assure you, will give much pleasure to many of the patients who frequent the Red Cross Hut. This magazine is always in demand.

To Newport, Rhode Island:

The basket of cigarettes with the attractive little match boxes made one of the most interesting and acceptable gifts which the patients received. We were pleased to be the distributors of such good cheer. We carried the basket just as it arrived with its Christmas decorations, to wards B and D which have the most bed patients, and there were exactly enough packages to take care of the men there.

THE Boys Bicycle Corps of Madison, New York, wear Red Cross arm bands and deliver supplies for the Chapter.

JUNIORS of Dansville, New York, distributed Roll Call letters and posters to save postage.

SPRUCEMONT, Nevada, School is small and isolated, but its students keep in touch with the rest of the world through the Junior Red Cross. They wrote:



Juniors of Sprucemont, Nevada, School with gifts they received from Japan

WHILE the rooms were enrolling in the Junior Red Cross, Panama Park School of Jacksonville, Florida, made a model of a hurricane disaster on their sand table, with houses and trees blown down and people buried in the sand. Every time a room enrolled one hundred per cent they rescued a victim and put him in the hospital.

IN WILLIAMS, Arizona, J. R. C. members in art classes made up samples of Christmas cards well in advance of the Christmas season and displayed them for sale with price lists in various parts of the town. The money they earned thus went to the Junior Red Cross Service Fund.

A J. R. C. airship carrying peace all over the world won the grand prize in the Armistice Day parade in Ventura, California. The "best citizens" in each room who rode in it wore aviators' caps and jackets and sang peace songs.

THE low fifth grade in one school in Gilroy, California, made a movie of its health lessons and gave three performances of it. To see the picture, everyone had to bring some dried or canned fruit or vegetable. The food was turned over to the relief organization of the town to be given out at Thanksgiving.

VETERANS in the hospital at Oteen, North Carolina, received writing boards from Juniors in Lenoir, North Carolina. Only those who had made good grades in handwork were allowed to make the boards, and therefore they were all good.

MEMBERS in Hibbing, Minnesota, made Christmas cards decorated with linoleum cuts and a matching envelope for each, and wrote greetings in them for each of the schools with which they correspond.

EVERY school in Hammond, Indiana, did its share in distributing 241 J. R. C. Thanksgiving baskets to needy families in their town. These Juniors also sent Thanksgiving favors to the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children and an orphans' home. For Christmas they made a large number of linoleum-cut menu covers which they sent to the U. S. S. *Oklahoma* for the sailors' Christmas dinner.

FOR the Christmas project of J. R. C. members in Washington School, Salt Lake City, Utah, committees of three members each were appointed to visit the Veterans', the Primary and the Shriners' hospitals and interview the welfare director in each. At the Council meeting of the Junior Red Cross the boys who

visited the veterans' hospital made such an interesting report and had so many practical suggestions of what to do that it was decided to adopt the veterans for Christmas.

Under direction of the art teachers, placecards for the Christmas table and two greeting cards for each veteran to send to friends or relatives were made. The week before Christmas the Boys' Glee Club presented a program of folk songs and Christmas carols before about sixty of the men. This was so successful that Juniors were invited to give more programs at the hospital. They became so interested in the hospital that they planned to continue their services for the rest of the year.

JUNIORS from six schools of Augusta, Georgia, donated over two hundred jig-saw puzzles and sent them to Fort Benning to be used by the Civilian Conservation Corps men.

CHICAGO, Illinois, Juniors carried out a regular program all winter long of entertainments for six hundred children of disabled war veterans, who, incidentally, were also members of the Junior Red Cross. They held four Saturday afternoon parties for the veterans' children, took them to plays, marionettes, movies and children's concerts given by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The children's concerts were perhaps best-liked of all.

MEMBERS in Shandon School, Columbia, South Carolina, strung sixty-five yards of popcorn to trim the Christmas tree at their veterans' hospital.

SEVERAL Juniors' clubs of Toledo, Ohio, contributed \$35 to help enroll other schools of their city which were unable to collect funds to carry on J. R. C. work themselves. They collaborated with the seniors in their Roll Call, ushering at the Red Cross opening meeting on November 11, and modeling dresses made by the Red Cross.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

November, 1933

	Page
COVER.....	Edna Potter
AN OLD BROADSIDE.....	Frontispiece
LONE HUNTER, Part I.....	Herbert Best 51
Illustrations by Erick Berry	
VERY HIGH AND VERY OLD.....	Florence McDermott 53
WE, US AND CO. IN LONDON TOWN, Part III.....	Charlotte Kett 54
HARVEST FESTIVAL IN SOLOMON'S DAY.....	Dorothy F. Zeligs 57
Illustrations by Wilfred Jones	
EDITORIALS.....	60
SOMETHING TO READ.....	61
MEDOR.....	62
WHAT SHALL WE PLAY?.....	63
FROM THE OVERSEAS MAIL.....	64
JUNIOR FUNDS, WORLDWIDE.....	66
NOVEMBER DOINGS.....	68
NOT CHARITY, BUT SHARING.....	69
JUNIORS THE COUNTRY OVER.....	70
RED CROSS ANNUAL ROLL CALL.....	72

The American Red Cross *Carries on*



RED CROSS ANNUAL ROLL CALL
November 11 to 30, 1933

